You make a leg and Bullingbrooke saies I.
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of vnrulie Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings growe base,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For nightowles shreek where mounting larkes should sing.
Bull. What saies his maiestie?
North. Sorrowe and griefe of hart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man,
Yet he is come,
Bull. Stand al apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *(he kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
King. faire cosen, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:
Vp cosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and al.
Bull. So far be mine my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Wel you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get,
Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosen I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be heyre,
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?
Bull. Yea my good Lord:
King. Then I must not say no.
Quee. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,

To

To driue away the heauie thought of care?
Lady Madam weele play at bowles.
Queene Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady Madam weele daunce.
Queene My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport,
Lady Madam weele tel tales,
Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?
Lady Of either Madame.
Quee. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow,
Or if of griefe, being altogither had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine,
Lady Madam ile sing.
Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please mee better wouldst thou weepe.
Lady I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.
Que. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee. *Enter Gardners.*
But stay, here commeth the gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines,
They wil talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.
Gard. Go bind thou vp yon dangling Aphricocks,
Which like vnrulie children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight,
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heades of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth,
All must be euen in our gouernement
You thus imployd, I will go roote away